# Aphite Cloud



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## VOLUME XV.—NUMBER 2.3

# Choice Loetry.

MASONRY. BY W. C. CAPERS.

Three thousand years have rolled away
Upon the tide of time.
Since Masonry began her march
Of noble deeds sublime;
And though the angry storms of war
Have swept the earth with fire.
Her temple stands unscathed, unburt,
With sunlight on its spire.

Old Empires, long the praise of men. Have fielded from the earth; Kings, with their thrones, have passed away. Since Masonry had birth. The sceptered monarch, in his pride, Has long since met his doom, And nought is iert of his domain, Savs solitude and gloom.

Prond Egypt, with her wondrous arts, Her mysteries of old, Has slept beneath the tide of time, As swift his current rolled; And Greece, with all her ancient wealth Of genius and of fame.

Scarce holds among the nations now, The boner of a name.

The glittering towers of Troy, to which
The focs of Priam came,
To meet a welcome for their deeds,
From lips of spartan dame,
Have long since toppled from their base,
And monidered to decay;
The glory of that nighty race,
With them has passed away.

Amid the ravages that awept
The cities of the plain—
Mid crumbling of imperial thrones,
The fall of tower and fane—
Fair Masonry has still survived
The nations horrid doom.
A beacon mid the night of years,
To gild the clouds of gloom.

The tempest and the storm.
The clouds of persecution fled
Before her steady ray.
As shades of deepest night before
The rising orb of day.

From Oriental climes she came To bless the Western World, And rear her temple heath the flag That Liberty unfuried. Fair Freedom welcomed to our shores This maid of heavenly birth; While thousands of our hamble poor Now own her generous worth.

Ten thousand widows in their weeds, Have blessed her advent here; And many a homeless orphan's heart Has owned her tender care. Full many a frail and erring son, To dissipation given,

To dissipation given, as heard the warning voice, and turned His wayward thoughts to Heaven.

Long may her beauteous temple stand To light this darkened Sphere; To light this darkened Sphere: To gild the gloom of error's night, And dry the falling tear. And when the final winds of time Shall sweep this reeling hall, Oh, may its glittering spires be, The last on earth to fall!

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Select Story.

(Process and Signal II)

From the selection of the plant of terms sight.

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From the selection of the selection

is a paragon of lovelines," he jaculated, as she cuttered the degrant massion of Dr. Hunter.

If possible, he safe, he plunged his blade into the Portune, in a phylod mood, may have decreed if possible, he safe, he plunged his blade into the Portune, in a phylod mood, may have decreed by sevicious and the property of the control of th

the very door by which he had formerly seen the young lady enter; when stepping forward to prepare the family for the distressing intelligence, he secretly congratulated himself on his having saved the scalp of his friend, even at the risk of his own; while at every step, his heart fluttering like Sterne's starling in its cage, seemed to cry with equal vehemence, "I can't get out."

He was met at the door by a female servant, from whom he learned that the doctor was gone out, accompanied by his daughter, to visit a friend, and was not likely to return for at least an hour or two; and further, that the good old

and you now see before you the brave—the generous man, who rescued me from their vile hands, at nearly the loss of his own life. Cherish him

friend, and was not likely to return for at least an hour or two; and further, that the good old lady being dead, the family consisted of only one more, the doctor's son, who had not yet returned from fishing. Then telling her that the gentleman had received a slight hurt, and would be back with him in a moment, he, with the assistance of the wagoner, conveyed him to his bed; and immediately starting off again, he soon returned with an eminent surgeon, who extracted the ball, and pronounced the wound by no means dangerons.

Croghan, still mindful that he had one more duty to perform in reference to the absent portion of the family, and which—though now some-

account—I call Heaven to witness that your happiness is dearer to me than my own."

"Croghan," she replied, as soon as her emotion would allow her to speak, "let me assure you, I never had the least doubt either of your esteem or sincerity; nor does prudence now forbid the avowal, that your merit and esteem have been duly appreciated. But however I may be disposed at present, matters do not depend wholly on my will. My father, though one of the best of parents, is, nevertheless, sometimes obstinate in his opinions, but if not opposed, generally does right. One of his frailties, I think, is over-fondness for me, which leads him to think scarcely any man good enough to be my husband; and though he is fully impressed with your merits and the justness of your clams, yet, for the present, he fancies some objections, which a little time will not fail to remove; and it were inexcusable in me not to pay a tender regard even to his prejudice.

tack, directed him to tell his general that "while he had the honor to command an American fort, it should never surrender to a combined force of tyrants and savages."

The firing are now resumed on both sides, when intelligence being received from Gen. Clay, that his brigade were advancing in boats a few miles abover Gen. Harrison ordered him to send a detachment of eight hundred men to destroy the enemy's works on the opposite side, while he projected a sortic under the command of Col. Miller, against those on one side of the fort. This was immediately complied with, and the British, driven from their batteries, were compelled to fly in all directions. But the Americans, unhappily pursuing the fugitives too far, were surrounded by a body of Indians, three times their number, under the celebrated Tecumseh, who, being on their march to the British camp, formed an ambush for their reception. Death or victory! was now the word; summoning up a conrage worthy of a better fate, they determined to cut their way through the savage horde, or perish in the attempt. But alas! out of the eight hundred, only about one hundred and fifty ever returned.

Colonel Miller's division of three hundred men, whose plans had been nearly prostrated by the impetuosity of the party on the opposite side, now advanced on the enemy, charging the whole line of their works, manned by three hundred and fifty regulars and five hundred Indians; but being overpowered by superiority of numbers, were about retreating in confusion, when Capt. Croghan, seeing that such an event was only calendard for reder their destruction inevitable, cried out to his men, in a stentorian voice: "Americans, remember the deeds of your fathers, and prove their offspring not degenerate!" and boldly charging with his single company, was soon followed by the rest. who, stimulated by such a noble example, and seeing their companions exposed to imminent peril, immediately rallied to their assistance, and in a few minutes drove the enemy from their batteries; then spiking

white clouds, which is to maken't with a first sharp of the control of the contro life, on the occasion of the rescue of Miss Hunt-er. The order was no sooner given than the six-pounder, accompanied with a well-directed volley of musketry, was discharged with the most de-structive effect; and ere the detestable words of the wretched leader had yet expired on the air, he and most of those who followed were already numbered with the dead. The besiegers, exaspe-rated at this unexpected check, now rushed for-ward with the utmost fury, but were received with a second discharge no less tremendous than the first; and so effectually did the young hero ply his single cannon, and so skillfully did he di-rect his valiant little force in the use of their small arms, that at length, terror-stricken by the

small arms, that at length, terror-stricken by the awful havoe in their ranks, the assailants fled in confusion, notwithstanding every effort of their officers to prove them. confusion, notwithstanding every effort of their officers to prevent them.

But the conduct of the Americans, on the ensuing night, was no less admirable than their unparalleled bravery during the day; for though the enemy still continued to annoy them at a distance by occasional shots, they, disregarding danger, and forgetting that they had been assailed by men who only sought their destruction, without any regard to the laws of honorable warfare, were only solicitous in assuaging, with their utmost exertions, the miseries of the wonded.

The news of this extraordinary victory soon The news of this extraordinary victory soon spread through the Union, eliciting the applanse and admiration of all; and the heroic Croghan, being promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel,

received, together with Capt. Hunter and the rest of his brave associates, the special thanks of rest of his brave associates, the special thanks of Congress.

The ladies of Chillicothe called a meeting, at which it was unanimously resolved to testify their respect for the virtues of their gallant townsman; and on his return, the amiable Clara Hunter, at the head of an imposing deputation, presented to him, in their name, a splendid sword, to which, to complete the measure of happiness, she soon afterwards added, with the most cordial approbation of her father, the enviable, and infinitely more accepted gift of her hand—I myself, gentle reader, was at the wedding, and can amply describe to you the splendor of the ceremonies, the delecacy of the viands, flavor of the wines, hilarity of the company, the gaiety of the doctor, and the raptures of Capt. Hunter; the music and the dance, if you give me a moment to mend my pen; but not even then, the indescribable felicity of the happy pair.

Philadelphia, Dec. 14, 1832.

happy pair. Philadelphia, Dec. 14, 1832.

# How Dr. Livingstone Came to His Death

Sir Roderick Murchison is hereby informed that Dr. Livingstone is very dead, indeed. An intelligent gorilla has recently been imported to this city, who had the good fortune to serve the doctor as a body servant in the interior of Africa, and he thus describes the manner of the doctor's death:

"The doctor was accustomed to pass his nights in the stomach of an acquaintance—a crocodile about fifty feet long. Stepping out one evening to take an observation of one of the lunar celipses peculiar to the country, he spoke to his host, saying that as he should not return until after bedtime, he would not trouble him to set up and let him in; he would just leave the door open until he came home. By way of doing so, he set up a stout fence rail between his landlord's distended jaws, and went away. Returning about

up a stout fence rail between his landlord's distended jaws, and went away. Returning about midnight, he took off his boots outside, so as to not awaken his friend, entered softly, knocking away the prop, and prepared to turn in.

But the neise of pounding on the rail had aroused the householder, and so great was his feeling of relief induced by the relaxation of the maxillary muscles, that he unconsciously shut his mouth to smile, without giving his tenant time to get into bed. The doctor was just stooping to untie his drawers, when he was caught between the floor and ceiling of the room, like a lemon in a squeezer. Next day the melanchoily remains were given over to our informant, who displays a singular reticence concerning his disposition of them; merely picking his teeth with his claws in an absent, thoughtful kind of way, as if the subject was too mournful to be discussed in all its harrowing details. None of the doctor's maps or instruments were recovered; his bereaved landlord holds them as security for certain rents claimed to be due and unpaid. It is probable that Great Britain will make a formal demand for them, and if they are not surrendered, will—submit her claims to a conference.—San Francisco News Letter.

A fence is still standing in Germantown, Pa., which was in its present location during the days of the revolution, and still bears the marks upon it of the battle of Germantown. It is upon the place of Mr. Elwood Johnson, Main Street, above Washington lane. The property formerly belonged to the Keyser family, and was formerly in the possession of old Peter Keyser, who was a boy when the battle of Germantown was fought. He remembers, and used to tell of the burial of eight British soldiers in one grave in Aze's graveyard, nearly opposite his father's house. The fence was built of inch boards, but they are now not more than a third of an inch in thickness, having been exposed to the weather for nearly a century. The posts are of red cedar, and have never been removed since they were first erected, Mr. Keyser having refused to have the fence removed during his lifetime, and the present owner retaining it, as it has stood so long.

THE Indians of Pern have a tradition, to which they persistently adhere, of an immense buried treasure in that country. They say that Atahualpa's great reservoir of gold, a temple with rooms full of the metal, never was seized by the Spaniards; that it exists still, and that the secret of its existence is kept by a family or tribe of Indians who religiously guard the treasure for the day when the heir of the lucas shall resume his ancient throne.

# Miscellany.

# UNDER THE MAPLES.

BY SALLIE A. BROCK. Under the maples sat Jenuy and I.
Ever so many years ago.
Watching the streamlet murmuring by,
And gurgling a love-song in its flow;
And fleecy clouds, in a phantom troop,
Scudded across the bright blue sky,
While our hearts were weaving, in many a loop
A mesh for the lives of Jenny and I.

That and, our story of an toni—
That atory of anxious hopes and fears—
While over her ringlets dark brown gold.
Was falling a shower of pearly tears—
Tears that hung on her eye-lids, fringe,
Like dew on the fresh-blown buds of May—
And her blushes deepened their rossale tinge
As I tenderly kissed those tears away.

Her heart was mine, though her lips refused To utter that longed-for syllable, "Yes;" But musing she sighed, and sighing she mused. What meant her sighs and her musings—gues But then we pledged by the streamlet's flow. As the stars peeped out from the twilight sky, Ever so many year.

There are frosty streaks in the auburn hair That I twined round my fingers years ago, And the brow of my wife may be less fair Than it seemed in that sunset's ruddy glow; But I know, when I clasp her to my breast. There's a wilder tarill than in days gone by, When the clouds sank royally down in the west As under the maples sat Jenny and I.

DEATH OF A NOTED INDIAN BUNTER. AT THE AGE OF 102 YEARS. Thrilling Adventure and Escape from Savages.

STEUBENVILLE, O., May 25, 1871. A few days ago, a most extraordinary character and venerable pioneer died at Bridgeport, a few miles above this city, and immediately opposite the city of Wheeling. I refer to Joseph Worley, whose early history and subsequent career have been so intimately connected with the frontier annals of this section of the country, that it is a wonder that his death had been unnoticed by the

wonder that his death had been unnoticed by the local press.

Joseph Worley was born in 1769, just one hundred and two years ago. His relatives say that his birth place was at West Liberty, in Ohio Connty, now West Virginia, but it is certainly true that whether born there or not, his early childhood was spent in that locality, which is not more than twelve miles distant from where he died. At the time of his birth, this part of the west was an unbroken wilderness. It was yet thirteen years before the first white man had fixed his abode west of the Ohio river. A few hunters held Kentucky against the Indians north of the river, and sustained with that region the primitive relations of stealing horses and scalping; in Virginia, the frail and lonely settlements (of which West Liberty was one) creeping westward, made friends with the desert, and produced a population nearly as wild as its elder children, and quite tion nearly as wild as its elder children, and quite as fierce and truculent.

as fierce and truculent.

Into such a heritage was young Worley born; and from his carliest childhood he discovered an aptitude for frontier life. He was particularly skilled in the use of the rifte, and all his early thoughts and plannings had reference to the savage focs surrounding him. The numerous expeditions for which he was chosen showed the confidence his which he was chosen showed the confidence his fellow-pioneers had in him. Simon Girty, the notorious white renegade, was at this time with the Indians on the Sandusky plains, and frequently headed their marauding raids upon the settlements. It was the aim of the settlers to vanquish this most formidable foe, and Mr. Worley, with others, undertook the task of capturing him. In this work Mr. Girty, at the head of the Ottawa warriors, was pursued across the Ohio, at Meigs Island, up the waters of Cross Creek, and far into the interior of what is now the State of Ohio.

is anni, up the waters or thes State of Ohio, his pursuers enduring unparalleled privation and encountering perilous difficulties, but always unsuccessful in his capture.

Some time in early life, Worley and his brother Jacob, who seems to have been as heroic as the other, drifted toward Fort Henry, occupying the point where Wheeling now stands, and here they became acquainted with the famous Lewis Wetzele, one of the most noted Indian hunters of pioneer history. Worley, who was several years Wetzele, sunior, was his very intimate friend, and his almost constant companion in the woods. On one occasion, having discovered fresh evidence of the presence of Indians in the neighborhood of the settlements, Worley and Wetzel unertook to ascertain their whereabouts. They followed their track for several miles, and became so intent upon their prey as to scarcely become aware of the distance they had gone II or 12 miles south, and nearly opposite the point where the Baltimore and Ohio railroad now strikes the Ohio river. Here they came upon a camp of Indians, who discovered the hunters about the same time they were themselves discovered. Both parties took to the trees, after the custom of the Indians fighting, but the Indians greatly outnumbered the others. Six or seven stalwart and trained Indian warriors of the Huron tribe were now pitted against two determined hunters; and, as if to add to the dangers of their position, Wetzel was recognized by the Indians as their implacable and life-long enemy. Now began a duel—a running fight—a life and death contest. No reinforcements could reach the hunters until they had traveled at least ten miles, and long before that their wily foes would overpower them in all proability. Yet they determined to sell their lives dearly. Wetzel took command, and Worley obeyed him implicitly. In recounting it oftentimes afterward, Mr. Worley grey animated, and nobly attributed to Wetzel the salvation of his life.

A tall Huron warrior was the first to fall. He rushed out from his covere twith a

Worley brothers lived not far from Beliatr, on the Ohio river. A numerous progeny grew up around them, and their interest never abated in the surrounding improvements. Until a few weeks previous to his death, his interest in current events continued very lively, and his memory and strength were remarkable. His death took place at the house of William H. Robinson, with when he had lived several years previously.

BELMONT.

Ir you wish to injure your own town, underrate your neighbor's property, withold your support from home mechanics and manufacturers, buy nothing at home that you can get elsewhere, and if you are in business don't advertise.

(From the Toledo Blade.)

# THE NASBY LETTERS.

(WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY,)

June 24, 1871.

Hevin been instructed that the Noo Departure wich wuz inoggerated by the lamented Vallandygum, wuz to be made a middle plank in the Dimekratic platform, I tried our peeple a second time on it, determined for onet at least to be squarely up with the times. They kicked vishusly wenever I menshund it.

"Wat!" sed Deckin Pogram, "am I, in my old age, after a life-time uv strugglin with Ablishnism, to confess the nigger my ckal—to associated with him, vote with him! Never!"

"Hell!" ejakilated Issaker Gavitt, "am I to CONFEDRIT X ROADS,

with him, vote with him! Never!"

"Heil!" ejakilated Issaker Gavitt, "am I to sink all my Dimocrisy, and make my politikle bed with the nigger! Never!"

And Captin McPelter, and Elder Pennibacker, and all uv em, remarked similar.

I reasoned with these men. I told em that the nigger waz a citizen now—that he did vote anyhow, and wat waz wass, ther waz a lively pros-

I reasoned with these men. I told em that the nigger waz a citizen now—that he did vote anyhow, and wat waz wase, ther waz a lively prospeck that he wood continyoo votin ad infantam. The Dimocrisy cood never git into power okkepyin its present posishun; and ez the principle principles uv the Dimocrisy waz to git into power, why not shift to accomple that piut! "For instance, I confess I want the Post Offis; Issaker Gavitt feels that the country needs his services ez Assesser; and Captin McPelter wood accept the posishun uv Collecter. Ef the noo departure is the way to them posishuns, why not walk therin! Success is wat we want, and wat we must hev. Besides, when we've got the power, ef the ijee don't soot us, I spose ther is sich a thing ez goin back on the arrangement."

That little orashun fetched em. Issaker sed he waz willin, Captin McPelter immejitly expressed hisself delited with it, and ez we all owe Bascom, he insisted on it. Deckin Pogram and the rest uv em still hung out obstinit, but they waz easily settled. Bascoms merely remarkt, "New departure, gentlemen, or no likker," and they succumed. Wat a wonderful power that man weelds! Wat a enviable posishen he holds—the only grosery for four miles!

I never do things by halves. Immejitly I told our meele that this thing wood hey to be done in

four miles!

I never do things by halves. Immejitly I told our peeple that this thing wood hev to be done in good faith. The niggers and peeple from the North resident in the Corners, must be met in the sperit uv friendlinis, and the rite hand uv fellership must be extended to em. They must be convinst that we are in ernest. To that end I arranged for a quiet re-union the next evenin at Bascom's—a sort uv soshel meetin, to wich all uv them classes waz to be invited.

ranged for a quiet re-union the next evenin at Bascous's—a sort uv soshel meetin, to wich all uv them classes waz to be invited.

It workt well. The niggers waz all ther, and a haff dozen av Northern whites also. It was a cheerin site to see Deckin Pogram and Elder Pennibacker minglin with em freely, shakin hands with em, and pattin em on the sholder, and conversin with em easily, and without any reserve watever. They played it bootiful, and the niggers took it in ded ernest.

Joe Bigler and Pollock waz ther, uv coarse, and they appeared ez pleesed ez the rest uv em. Pollock lay back on a cheer, with one eye shut, exclaimin, "Glory! aint it bootiful?" while Joe Bigler, swearin that things waz now jest ez they shood be, and that under this arrangement he cood act with the Dimocrisy onet more, invited us all to take a drink. Instantly every man uv us rushed to the bar, and we all drank to "the need departure," and immejitly resooned our plesent talk with the niggers.

In perhaps ten minits, Joe sed that this waz the proudest moment uv his life. The peeple uv the Cross-Roads, his native place, waz at last livin in harmony, and waz all brothers. The white, the black, the Northern man, and Jhe Suthern man, waz all set sudio on the same platform in resee.

wuz all standin on the same platform, in peece.

"Troo! troo! Josef," sed I, graspin a pertikelerly black nigger by the hand; "It is es it shood be. Thank Heven for this blessed day."

"I jine yoo in yoor thankfulness," sed Josef.
"Ef I hed a flag, I wood wave it, but ez I hevn't a flag, le's take a drink!"

"Ef I hed a flag, I wood wave it, but ez I hevn't a flag—let's take a drink!"

Ther waz another rush, and after the drink, we resooned our conversashen with the niggers.

"Bascom," sed Joe, "to save time, spose you put a gallon out on the bar, and let our reconciled frends help therselves."

This proposishen waz reserved with alacrity, and ther waz one more rush. The niggers didn't git a drop uv this, for we uv the Corners give em no room. The gallon waz consouned in perhaps four minits and a haff.

Ther is suthin in whisky that lets out watever is mean and ugly in a man. A man in a state uv sobriety may controle hisself, but when he hez, whisky down him, wat ther is in him is certin to come out. It waz so in this case.

Issaker Gavitt, after the fifth drink, hed the ugliest glare in his eyes I ever saw; McPelter, Pen-

Issaker Gavitt, after the fifth drink, hed the ugliest glare in his eyes I ever saw; McPelter, Pennibacker and Pogram become suddenly reserved. At this juncter Bigler sung out:

"Another gallon, Bascom!" and that gallon went ez quickly ez the other.

Ther wuz a sudden change. The noo departure wuz forgotten. Issaker and the rest uv em found ther wuz niggers and Northerners in the room, and that wuz all they saw. The whiskey hed revived ther dormant Dimocrisy, and brot to the surface ther actonal selves. They wuz Dimocrats agin, nv the old stripe.

"Wat the merry hell are yos doin here with white men, yoo black scoundrel?" sed Issaker to the most spectable nigger we hed bin able to so-koor.

the most spectable nigger we hed bin able to so-koor.

"Why—why—I'se here becoz—"
Issaker heerd no more, but struck a well-directed blow, and that nigger spred hisself onto the floor. I hed too much down me to hev prudence, and from sheer force uv habit I knockt another one endways. The entire Corners follered soot, and with cries uv "kill the d—d niggers—kill the d—d carpet-baggers!" and so on, ther wuz the livelicat shindy agoin in a minit I ever participated in.

The exershun sobered me a trifle, and over the caths and exchamashens, I heerd the jeerin haff uv Bigler and the feemdish chnekle uv Polkock. Then I seed it all. It hed all been put up by them twindevils, to spile the plan I hed laid to capcher the nigger vote.

"It only cost Pollock and me 22 to see how sincere yoo wuz," sed Bigler to me, the next and

"It only cost Pollock and me 2 to see how sincere you wuz," sed Bigler to me, the next any and it wood hev bin cheap at twice the money. I don't think we shell git the noo departure to work very well. To keep our peeple actin decontly toard the niggers, we must keep whisky away from em. Ef we keep whisky away from the Dimocrisy, the older ones nv the party will die, and the younger ones will lern to read, and will finally drift into Sundy skools, and from thence ineveitably into the Republikin party. The connundrum is a perplexin one, and I coofessa my intelleck ain't chal to the solvin uv it. We must hev, wat from the very nacher nv things, we can't git. Wet the end is to be, I don't know.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M., (wich waz Postmaster.)

The following letter was written by Dr. Frank-lin while at Paris, and was communicated by the person who received it to the person by whom it was originally published:

was originally published:

APRIL 22, 1784.

I send you here a bill for ten Lonisd'or; I do not pretend to give such a sum, I only lend it to you. When you shall retarn to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must pay me by lending this sum to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford much in good work, and so an obliged to be earning and make the most of a little.

An examination of the names of the school-girls of the last century shows what a change has taken place in them during the past three generations. Sukey, Betsey, Nabby and Hannah, then so common, have given place to others more in secondance with our public taste.

What a beautiful comment the following is up-on a good housewife: "To hear her converse, you would suppose she did nothing but read: to have looked at the departments of the household, you would st. ... she never read.